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NBC

ADVERTISER FARM AND HOME HOUR

PROGRAM TITLE POREST RANGERS # 151

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET NOTE

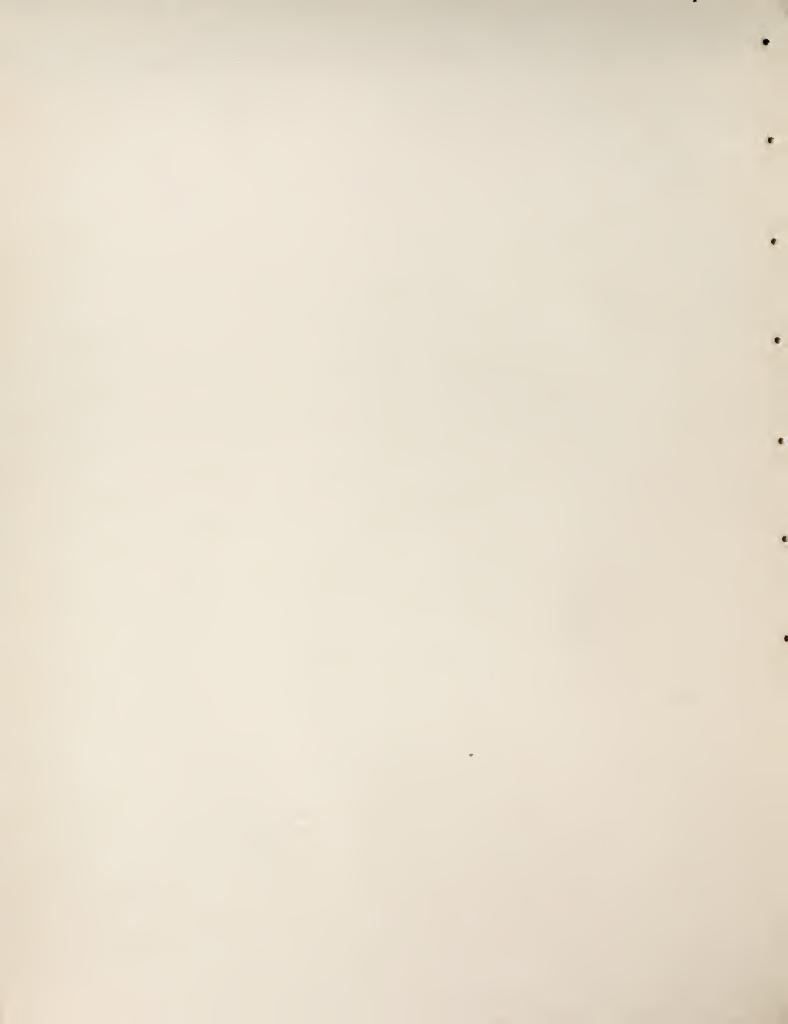
( 12:30 TIME 1:30 ) ( MAY 44 1935 ) ( FRIDAY DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS



ANNOUNCER:

Uncle Sau's Forest Rangers

ORCHESTRA:

QUARTETS "RANGER'S SONG"

ANNOUNCERS

Out in the Western mountain ranges warm spring winds have forced the budding quaking aspens into full-leaf, and the grass is shooting up green and lush, for the stock that graze on the forest ranges. The cattlemen have been pushing their herds out of their fields as the ranges open up, and sheepmen who are anxious to get away from their desert winter ranges, will soon be trailing their bands up to the cool mountain pastures in the National Forests

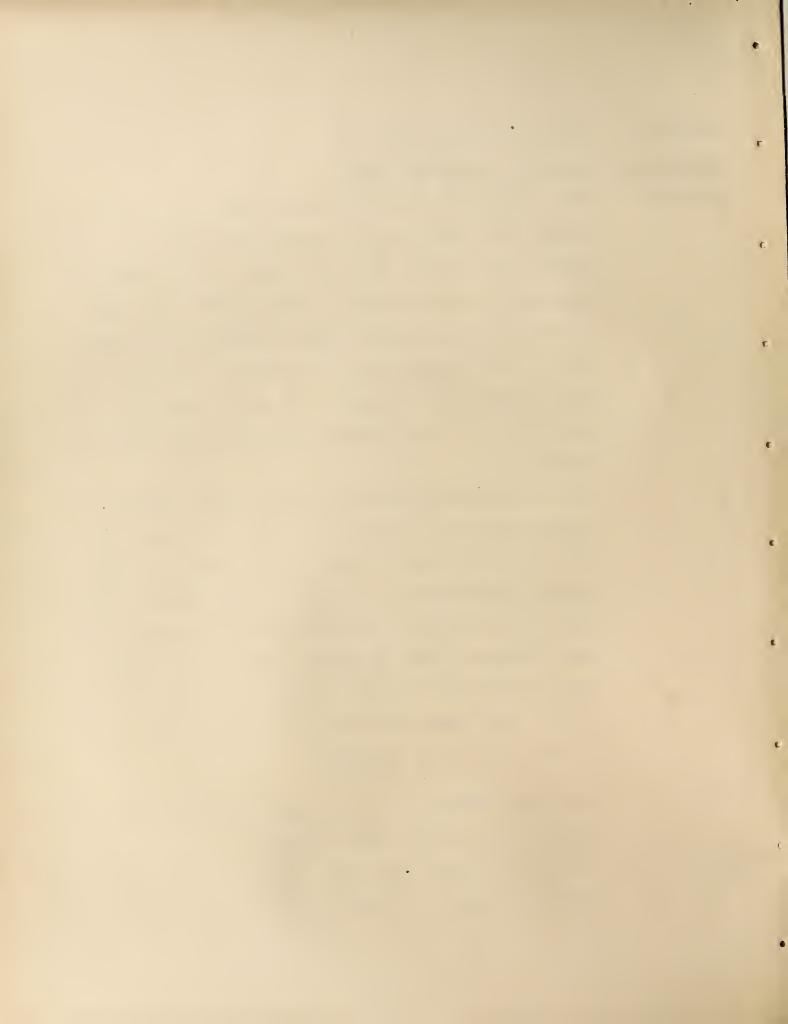
Up on the Pine Come National Forest Ranger District the grazing sesson for sheep opens about June tenth. B. Hat time it is expected the range will be ready to occupy for rangers, Jim Robbins and Jerry Quiel are out on field jobs as we tune in today. At the Pine Come Station we find Bass Robbins and Mary Holloway. Mary has just ridgen over from the Box-O Ranch where she is not acting as hostoss at Mrs. Cay's dude ranch since her school closed. She and Best are in the kitch n —

BIISS:

(RATTLING DISHES) My I'm which you node over, Mare. You look so nice in jour riding clothes

MARY:

homesick to see you since I want over to the runch



SESS: Well, that's nice of you, dear - There, now. -- I've finished the dishes - Let's go into the sitting room.

MARY: It's so warm today, can't we sit out there on the perch?

BESS: That would be nicer, wouldn't it? Let's drag out these easy chairs. (DRAG CHAIRS) Now we can have a nice

comfortable visit.

MARY: Oh, this is nice. - Gee' it's great to be up here in the for est - really the air is different and the smell of the pines and the mountains - don't you just love it?

PESS: Yes, Mary, I have always loved Winding Creek and our home here. How do you like your new position? It isn't so confining, is it?

MARY:

No, not now, Mrs Gay hasn't many tourists yet. - I have
some time to lide or rest. - Jerry sent Trinket down for
me to ride. Mrs Gay has lots of horses but I do love
Trinket. Isn't she pretty? Look at her out there.

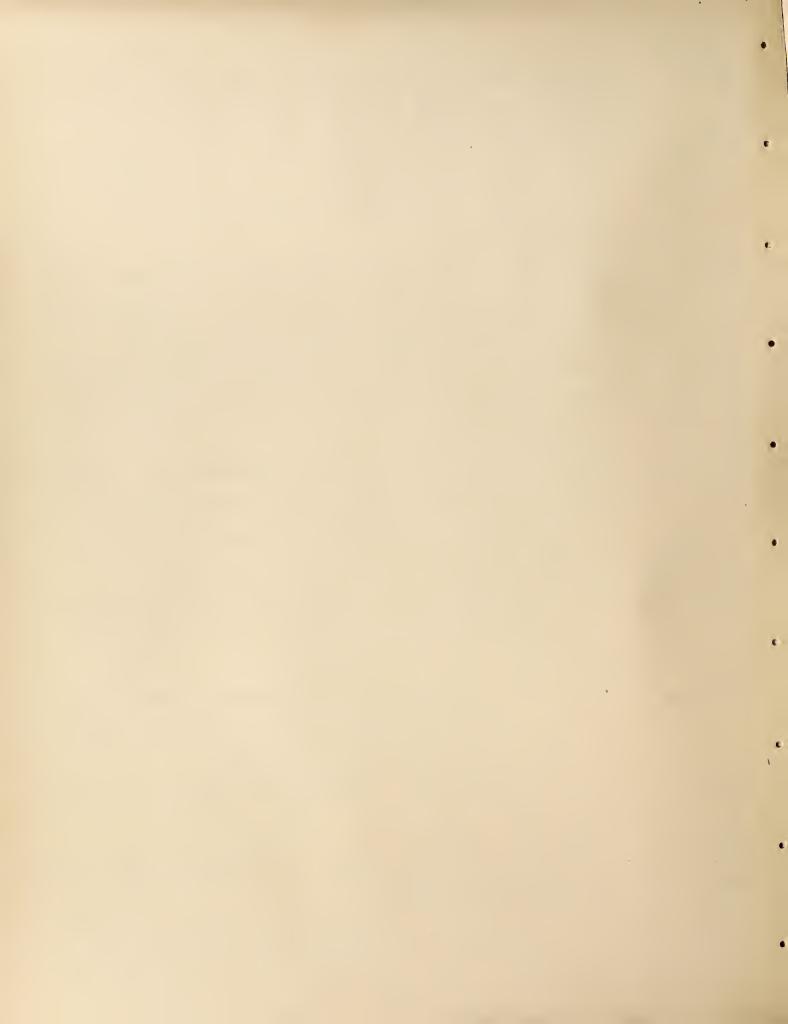
get back in the pasture with Buck. They're great pale,
you know.

MARY:
Yes - look, there comes a man on horseback. He's turning in here (SOUND OF TROTTING HORSE APPROACHING) I wonder who that is, riding such a pile of bones

PFSS: I don't recognize him. (HORSE STOPS) Somebody to see J'm

LARKINS: (COMING UP) Howdy do, ladies Is the forest ranger at bone.

BESS. No, he's out just now.



LARKINS: That so - I gotta see 'im right away D'yuh kmm where I

kin find 'im?

BESS: No, not exactly - He's up at the tunnel camp toward Elizabeth

Lake.

LARKINS: That don't mean nothin' much to me, I'm a stranger in these

parts - How far is it?

BESS: Well, it's quite a ways. - I don't know -

MARY: It's fifteen to twenty miles by trail

LARKINS: Gosh, that's too fur t'ride, when d'yuh expect 'im home -

let's see - what's 'is name - I not it here on this permit

(RUSTLES PAPER)

BRES: His name is Robbins - I'm Mrs Robbins.

LARKINS: Yeah, that's it. - Mine's Larkins, ma'am

BESS: I don't know when Mr. Robbins will be in. - Perhaps tomorrow,

or it may be several days - he wasn't certain just when he'll

return when he left.

LARKINS: Wall, they seems to be plenty of feed. I reckon I kin hold

my sheep where they are 'till he gits back

BESS: Your sheep?

LARKINS: Yeah, I got a permit, here (RUSTLES PAPER) Fer range on

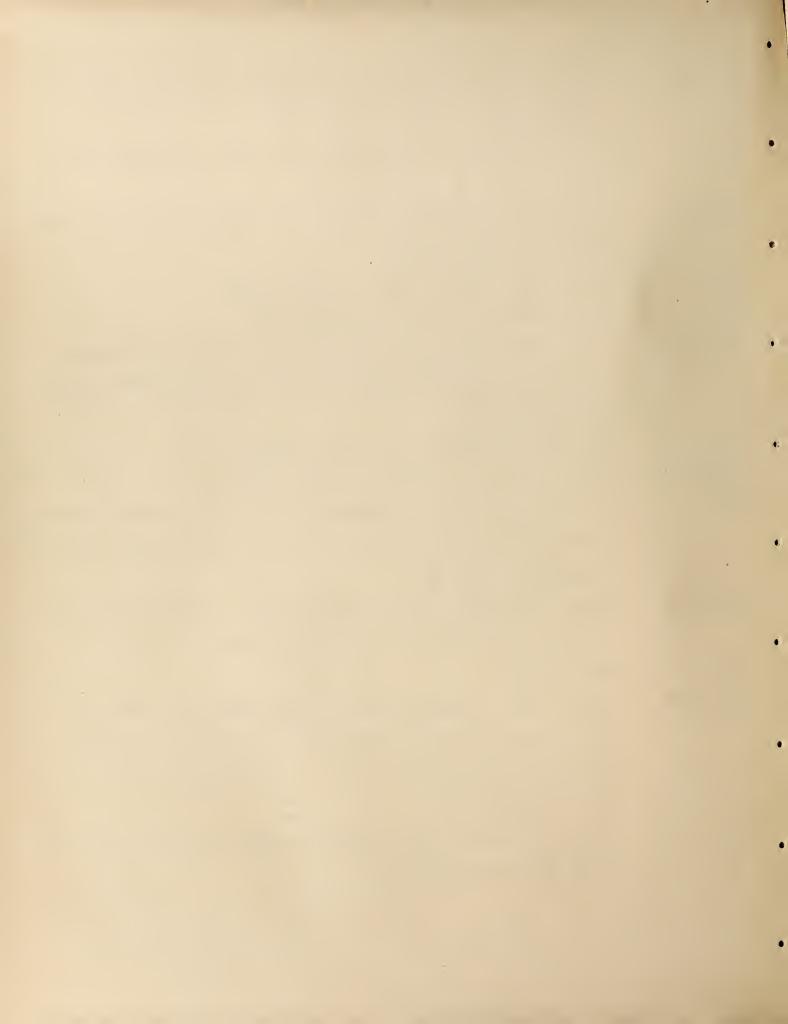
this district and I've jest trailed my sheep in 'bout a

hundred miles from the desert. I gotta find out where I'm

goin' to run 'em

BESS: Why, I'm sure Mr Robbins didn't expect you or he would have

been here to count you in.



LARKINS: Yeah, I'm holdin' my sheep down here at the bridge - I knowed they have to be counted

BESS: Yes, but you can't go on the range this early even if they
were counted. The grazing season for the sheep range doesn't
open 'till June tenth.

LARKINS: I know the permit says June tenth, but you see, ma'am, my
winter range dried up and I had to fetch 'em up where I could
get fresh feed

BESS: Well, I'm sure you can't go on the range now. The grass is

too young yet - it would all be trampled out if you went

on this early.

LARKINS: Well, I reckon I'll have to hold 'em on that hillside,
t'other end of the bridge, then, 'till the ranger gits here

BESS. You can't do that. - That's cattle range - the common will be right up in arms.

LARKINS: (CROSS) My gosh, ma'am, I gotta do somethin'. - I gotta hold 'em somewhere.

BESS: (FIRM) I'm sorry, Mr. Larkins - I hate to see anything suffer, but I can't do a thing about it 'till Jim gets home.

You shouldn't have come in so early.

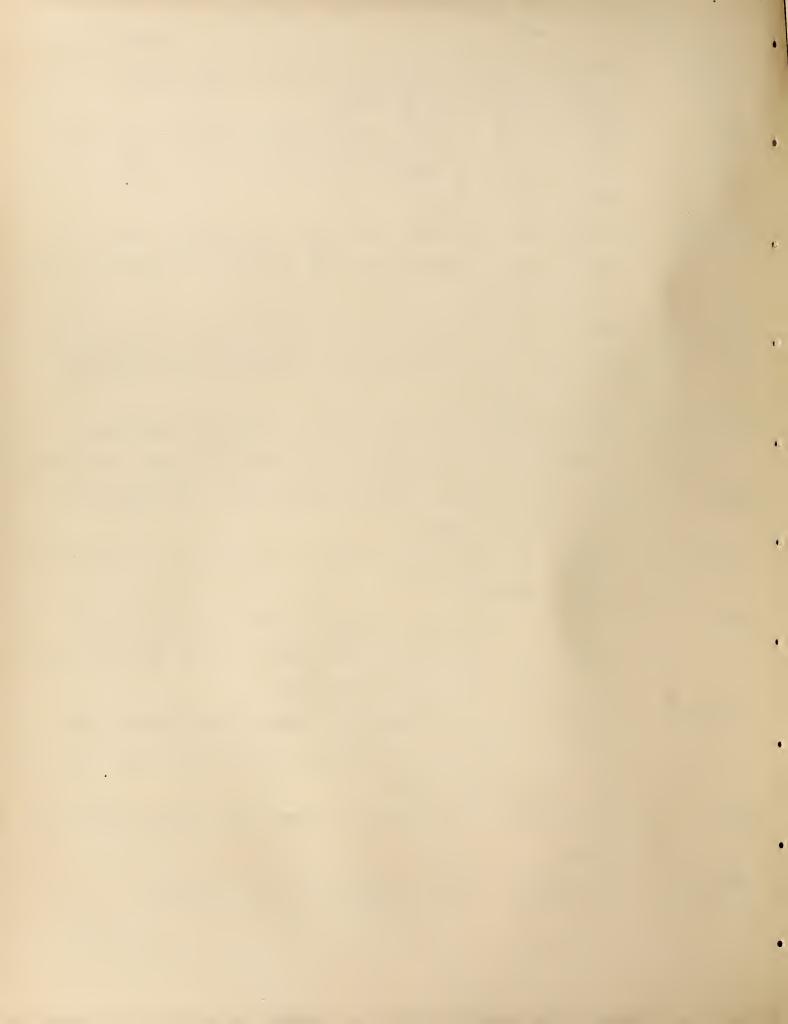
IARKINS: (WHINING) Aw, a few days don't make much difference miz

Robbins. I kin tell 'im how many they is if you kin tell

me where my range is at

BESS: (PERPLEXED) I don't know - I guess - no - I don't know what to do

LARKINS: Aw, shucks: I could square it with the ranger.



PRSS:

It's not a case of squaring it. I'm just wondering which In

the lesser of the two evils - I guess Jim would rather have

the sheep on the range too early thun on that cow-range too.

IAPHINS. I'm shore he would - I'll get 'em goin'.

MARY: But how will Mr. Robbins get them counted?

BESS: I'm going to count them, Mary

MARY: You're going to count -

BESS: (LAUGHS) Yes, I'v helped Jim count sheep lots of times II.

you'll ride up there and wrangle old Dolly, I'll saddle her and

MARY: But you haven't idden for -

PESS: No, not for a long time, but there isn't any other way. - Jin and Jerry have both of the cars.

LARKINS: That's shore mighty fine of you ma'am. Which hose do you want.

I'll saddle 'im fer you

BESS: That black mare out there in the pasture.

MARY: But - but I have your saddle, Mrs Robbins. If you so, I want to so with you.

BESS: Yes, I want you to, Mary I'll ride Jim's saddle - you'll find it there in the barn, Mr Larkins. - It's the larger of the two.

LARKINS: (GOING OFF) Yes'm, thankee ma'am. I'll be back real proute (HORSE TROTS OFF)

MARY. I don't like the looks of that man, Mrs Robbins.

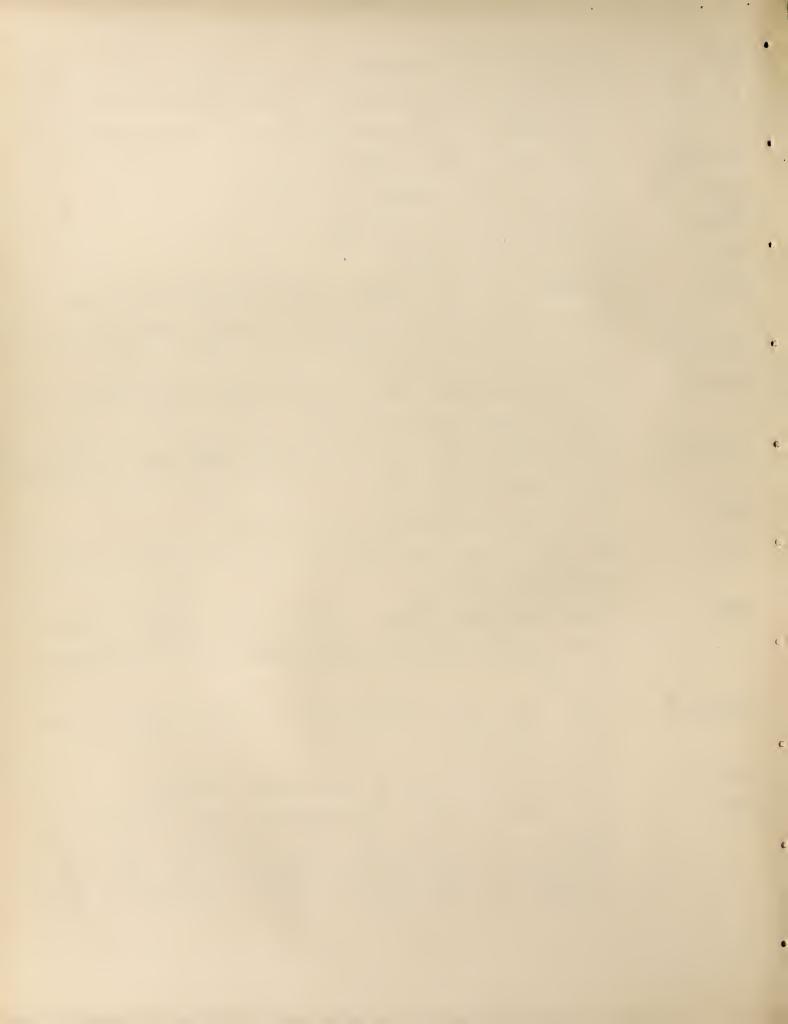
bess:

No, he wasn't pretty. I'm afraid he's just rushing the

season to get all the grass along the driveway, before the

other sheep get here - Maybe I shouldn't, but I don't know

what else to do than to let him go in. - Oh don't, like to hunt up my riding things.



MARY: His hard luck story doesn't sound genuine to me. Somehow he made me feel very suspicious of him. He acted - well sort of shifty.

BESS: I haven't any sympathy for him but I'm thinking of those poor sheep - all those young lambs.

MARY: Yes - the poor things.

BESS: Well, we'll let him in and I'll try to get him to rent some pasture 'till the season opens.

MAFY: Oh, I hope you can

PESS: Oh, I almost forgot Jim's counter. Here it is. I'll counter the sheep anyhow. It'll help the boys that much.

MARY: Is there another one too? I'll help you.

BESS: Yes - her .

MARY: How do you use it?

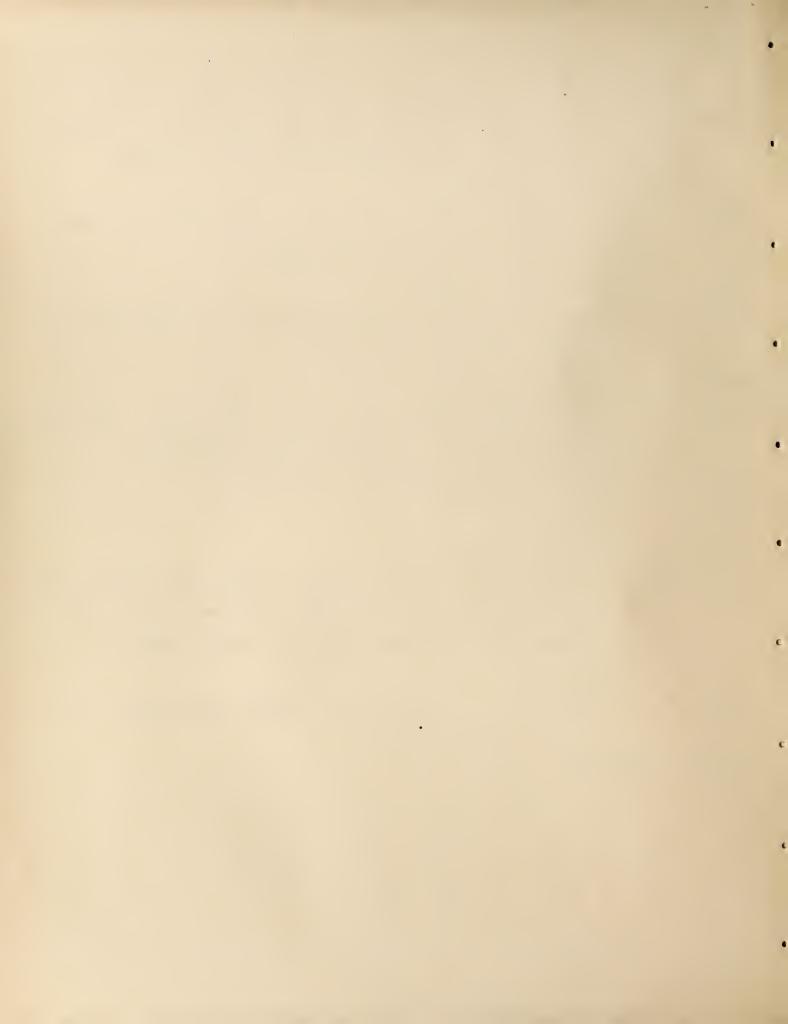
EESS:

Ch, it's easy. You just watch the sheep pass a given point and press this button each time five sheep go by - See?

(CLICKS TALLY REGISTER). The tally register does the counting.

MARY: Yes, I seed - It looks eas: (HCRSES TROTTING-OFF) The he comes with the horses

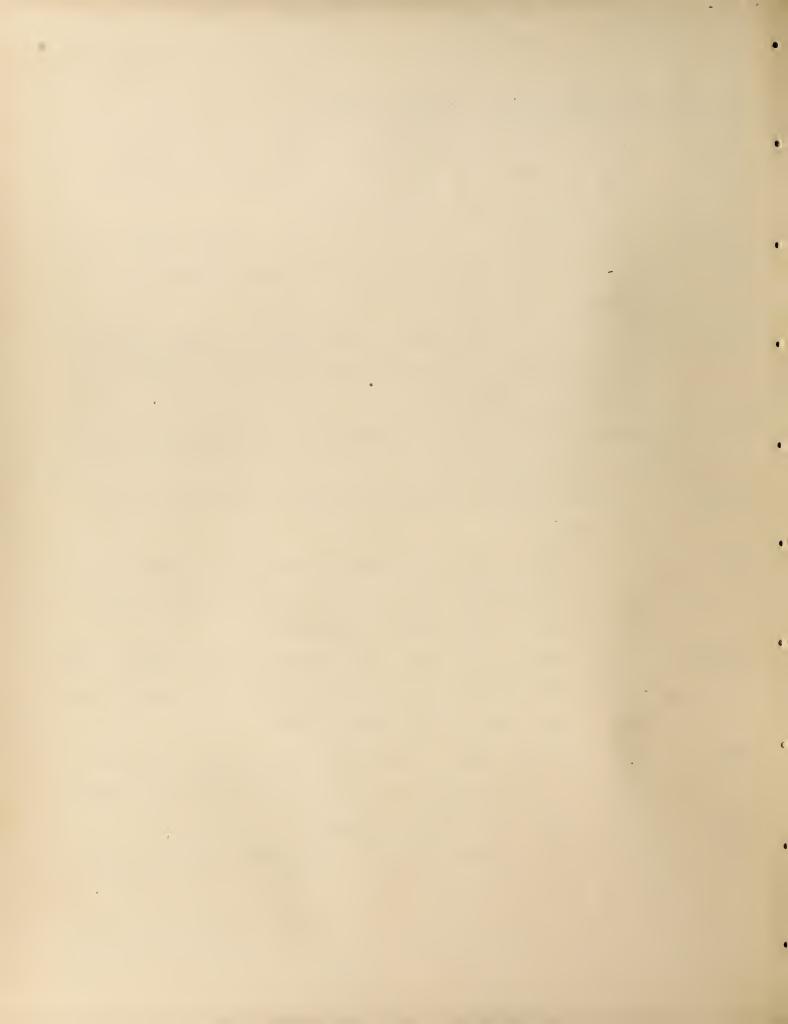
(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)



## (FADL IN VITH HORSES WALKING - SYEEP BLEATING)

- LAPKING. There they are, Miz Robbins Look at the pore things
  - BESS The are thin but I can't let you go on the range jet.

    You'll have to tent some pastures.
- LARRING Gosh, I wan't. I've wried all over Culn't find a Wing
  - LARY Did you try Barstow? I heard he wented to rent his homestead this year.
- LARKINS: Yeah, I did, when I was in here a week or so ago, but he's plum corresconable, wants too much fer a week's grazing. I jest cain't afford it.
  - BESS: Well, I don't like to let you go on the range, but I don't know what else to do.
  - LAFKINS: (LAUCHS) Oh, I'm shore it'd be OK with the ranger of he was here.
  - BESS: I don't know I've got to get you off this cow range, the Allright, string them over the bridge. We'll timp here, Mary. Whoa, Dolly. (DISMOUNTS)
  - LARVINS: (OFF CALLS) Hey, Juan, fetch 'en along. (DOG BARKS SHEEP BLAZT MEN WHISILE LFD Sh n h) (COMING UP) They'll run a lit le shen they pass you, Miz Robbins
- BISS: Oh, that's all right just so they don't bund up. Here.
  Mary, you stand just back of me and see that none go behind-
  - MARY Yes, I will But they're stopping.
- EESS We'll have to stand back 'till they start over, then arold in a bit.



LATRINS: (OFF) Here, Juan, help me start 'am. (DOG BARKS) Shep,

git back there (WHISTLES) Sheheh (GENTLY) is-ya-ya (CALLS)

Git 'em Miz Robbins, they're startin'. Sh-h h

BESS: Let 'em come. .. Come in a little Mary

(FADEOUT WITH SHEEP RUNNING AND BLEATING REGISTERS CLICKING)

INTERVAL

(FACE IN WITH SHEEP BLEATING, OFF)

EFSS: My I'm tired to death. Let's see two hundred fifty-five

tim s five is trelve bundred we enty five and three

makes seventy eight. How many did you get Har, ?

MARY: Oh, dear, Mrs. Robbins, I didn't get snything but dizzy.

My head's spinning yet. After the first hundred it was

just like one big sheep.

LARKINS: (COMING UP) How many, Miz Robbins?

BEES: Twelve hundred and severity-oloht.

LARKINS: That's too many. - You musta counted some lembs.

BESS: No not a lamb.

LARRINS: (LAUGHS) Well, I'm shore you're long. My permit calls for

twelve hundred, and that's jest what I brought.

PESS: I'm sure my count is right.

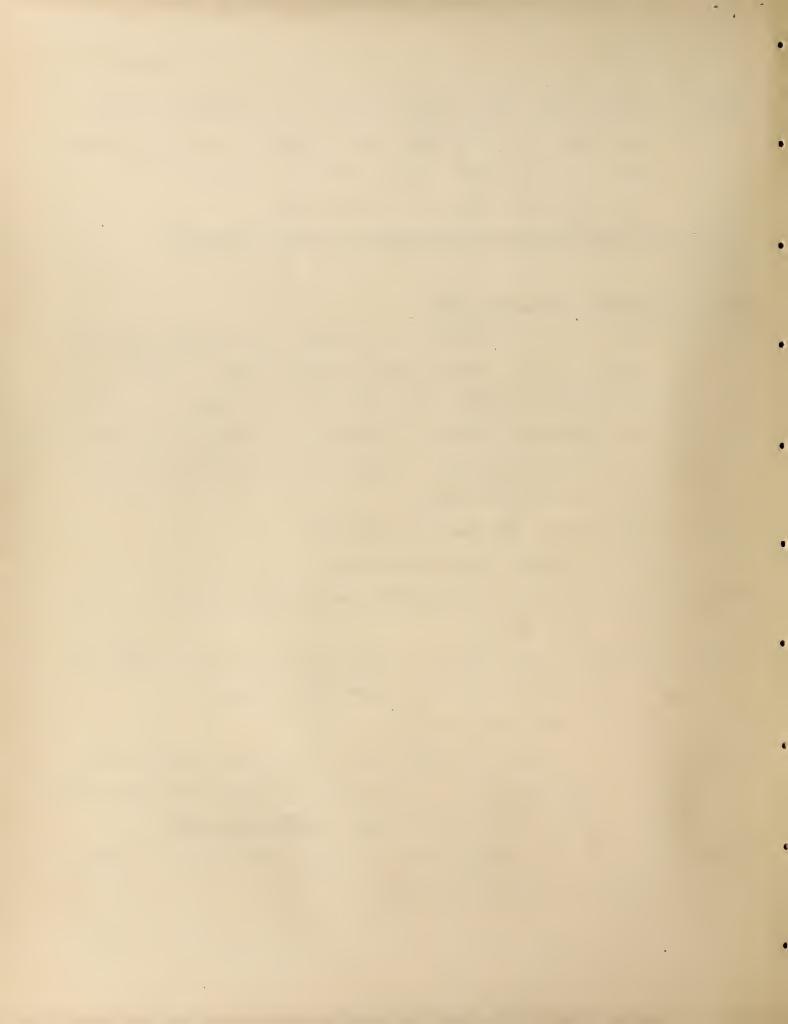
TARKINS: Well, I'll count 'em again up at the corral, but I've only

got twelve hundred. - 1 jutta jet 'en starter outo the driveway

now. Much 'bliged, Hiz Robbins. (HORSE WALKS OFF)

LARKING: (CALLS - CFF) Hey, Missi Jould you mind helpin' me here a

minute to get 'em started?



UARY (CALLS) All Fight , bo , Frinket (MCMMTS LABLORS WINES OFF) I'll be back right away, Mass Robbins (HORRE STORS)

That can I do Mr. Larkins?

IARMINE Why, just help as git is started on the driveway. Therefore to bungry 1 daint hardly budge for (O'DES) to long there to the country of the country budge for (O'DES) to long there.

(DOG BAFKS - SHFFD RUM)

IMRY I guess you don a need me, shey're going well enough

LLATTIE That's porty pory you're ridin', Miss

MARY Yes, she is a beauty = I love hore.

LAPKINS: She sin't ball as purty as ber rider, though, Miss (LAUGHS LOUDLY)

MARY (HUFFY) Don't get personal pleases

La camp some times Why couldn't pub come up?

MARY (ANGRILY) Let go of my horse; (SHARPLY) Take your hands of that bridle you beneft (STRIKES HTH WATE GROP). Take that you

LARKING: (HOWLS)

MARY: Come, Trinket! (HORSE PLUNCES A FEW STEPS, STOPS)

(UNLLOPING HORST CONTING TO QUICK STOP)

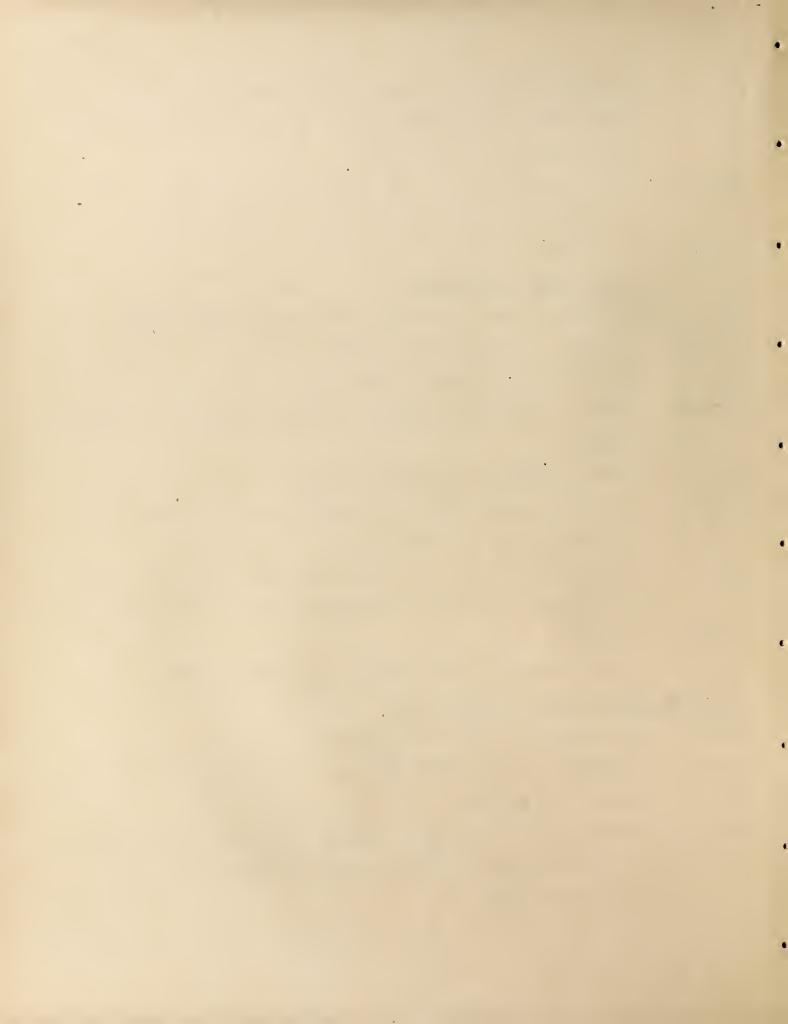
BESS: Why Mary, by the hard riding?

MARY: (SHORTLY) Come on Mrs. Robbins - let's get out of here

BESS! Wha is the matter?

I told you that follow in no good - he tried to get smart 
I had to strike him with my quirt to make him let go of

Triniat's bridle.



BESS: (INDICHANTLY) Why, the very idea - just vait 'till Jim have about it. - Ch dear! I suppose I shouldn't have let him go in. I should have telephoned to the Supervisor.

Well it would have been hard to have turned him lack and with all those little lambs --

BFSS Let's go home. - Cet up Bolly (HORSES WALE) I dread this ride home. I'm beginning to get some already

MARY: Say let's hail that car cowing up the road Maybe you can datch a ride and I'll lead Dolly home.

BESS: Oh, no I'll side (CAR APPROACHES)

BESS Why, li's Jim

JIM: Hello Corboje - what you doing here?

MARY We're not cowboys we're sheep herders. We've just counted in Mr Larkins sheep

JIM: Larking sheep? What's he doing home? He den't go in yet

BESS: Jim, I'm afrail I made a meas of things. He brought his sneap

up too early and I counted them. He's seventy sight head

over his permit and denies it. Then he insulted Mary -

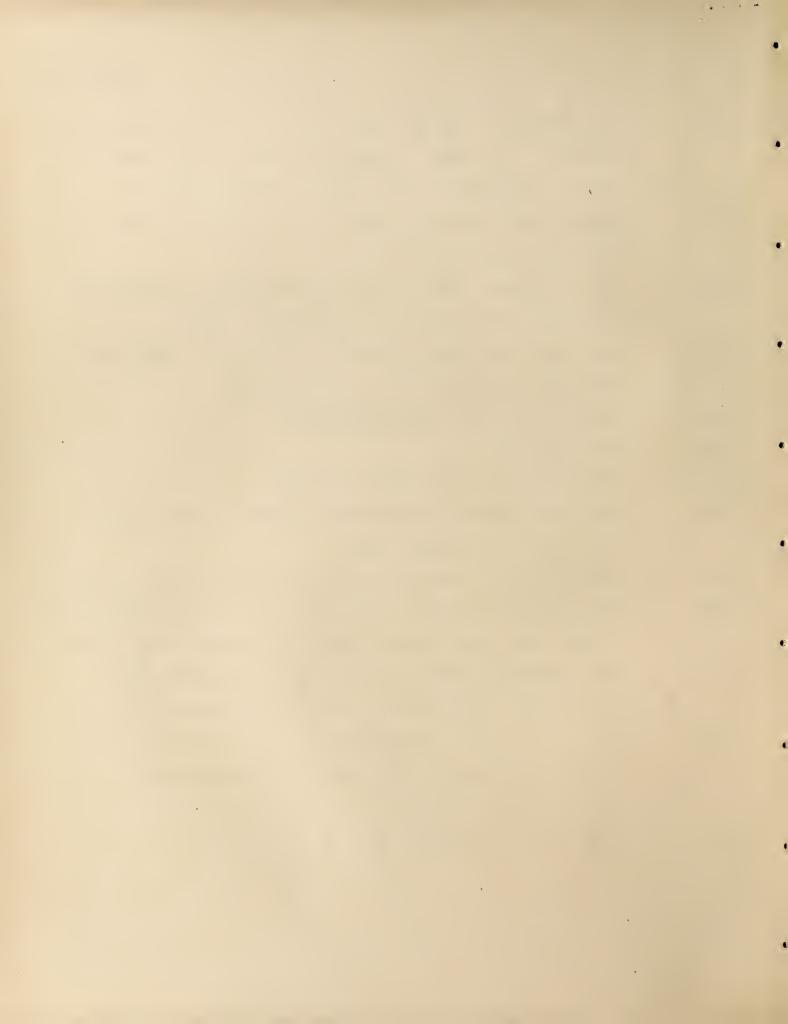
Oh, I'm just afraid you're going to have thouble with him

JIM: Not a bit of it. - If Larkins is going to run sheep on this

District he might as well learn at the start that he will

have to be on the equare.

BESS: What will you so with him?



J 202

Then him tack - the range isn't ready for him set and if T in him feed out the drivewar for a week ahead of the other pumuittees there won't be a spear of great left for their sheep. Ha'll have to real a pasture outside or to back to the desert.

MARY

I just hope he does have to weit

BT38.

He grabbed Mary's bridle rein and tried to get smart with Tor

17...

Bons, would you mind trading ne your horse for this car?

DEGG

Would I mind? Jim, I'd love to

TIME

[CHUCKIFS] I'll tride you "even up". Come on Lary, let's rive up the total and make a square shooter out of this fellow Larkins.

MARY

All right, Mr. Robbins I'm with you.

## (MADE OUT)

## • MUSIC:

almounter: In range administration the forest rangers must exercise on stant vigilance to protect the rights of all paraittes as well as the forest range against unscrupulous ones who seek unfair advantage. They must therefore maintain a friendly but judicial attitude toward all forest users.

Unula Sam's Forest Rangurs will be with un again next Friday, presented by the National Broadcasting Company with the occoparation of the United States Forest Service

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